THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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VOLUME XXVIII. | PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1848. | WHOLE NO. 1408.

Original Pictures of Life.

THE

PET FROM THE POOR HOUSE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS,

AUTHOR OF "MALINA GRAY," "DAVID HUNT," ETC., ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1848, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court, of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER VII.

In his dusty web the spider lay—
All bloated and black was he,
And he watched his victim pass that way,
With a quiver of horrid glee!

A few mornings before the little birth-day party described in our last chapter, two men were seen to enter the Mayor's Office, accompanied by the Alderman of the Nineteenth Ward. The Mayor was alone in his private room, and the Alderman left his two companions in the outer office while he held a moment's private conversation with his honor. There was a sort of boisterous exultation in the Alderman's manner, which rather displeased the Mayor, who looked upon the exhibition of any feeling as a weakness, but he received his friend with his usual bland smile, and requested him to be seated.

...

strengthened by the sweet-toned and subtle questions of the Mayor. His face was very pale, and he trembled from head to foot with honest and stern anger—nay, he felt something of horror, something unselfish, in the sum of cold-blooded craft, and unflinching perjury that had been brought to bear upon him. There was something sublime in his pale silence, as he allowed witness after witness to pass from the box unchallenged—unquestioned. And all this foul perjury the clerk registered down, and the Alderman of the Nineteenth Ward stood by to hear.

Then Chester was called upon for his defence. He stood upright grasping the railing with his right hand, his voice was low and deep-toned as a bell, it made the Mayor start with its clear, searching accents. He told the truth, the simple, natural truth, as it has been given to the reader, but with an eloquence, an energy which the pen has no power to describe.

...

"for I am not a widow yet."

God help the poor woman. She was a widow even then.

The two children sat up that night watching by the sick, waiting for the father to return, who lay so cold and still upon the sodden timber of that dismal pier. They had eaten nothing all day—at least Mary had not—and now they cut the sixpenny loaf in slices and eat of it, leaving a small covered dish, which had been prepared for Chester, untouched. His supper was sacred to those little girls, hungry and worn out as they were, neither of them even once glanced at it longingly. They were quite content with the dry bread, and even eat of that sparingly, for Mrs. Chester had asked for ice, and various little things in her delirium—she was delirious then—and the children ran out after everything she mentioned, hoping to relieve the terrible state she was in, till they had but one shilling left.

So they made a sparing meal of the bread—those poor little creatures—and a cup of cold water, for the tea must be saved for him and for her—"children," they said, with tears in their eyes, "ought not to want such things." With all her brave effort to be content with everything, and to watch with Mary, poor little Isabella dropped to sleep with her head upon the table, weary and almost heart-broken, for she was not used to suffering like Mary Fuller, and her childish strength yielded more readily; and Mary sat watching her alone, quite alone, for Mrs. Chester had muttered herself into a feverish sleep, and the house was in profound solitude.

Then came upon Mary Fuller a terrible sense of the desolation that had overtaken them all, a thought, dark and shadowy, such as had fallen upon her heart when her own father lay dead in the house, swept its blackness across her brain. She knew what it was, and from that moment ceased to listen for Mr. Chester, but crept away to a corner with her stricken heart, and prayed silently.

The wharf where Chester lay, shrouded by the heavy and clinging fog, the dark waters lapping the timbers upon which he had fallen, and rising to-

...

subject of regret, the funeral cost attending the death of those brave young men who had perished amid the pestilence.

But as he was about to speak again, several Aldermen who still lingered at the table, called loudly for the Mayor.

"I say," said the Alderman of the Nineteenth, leaning over the back of his chair, with a glass of wine in one hand,—"I say, have you settled that Chester yet? My man is getting impatient."

"Hush!" said his honor; "not so loud, my good friend. Bring in the nomination to morrow—I gave Chester his quietus this afternoon."

And so he had; for while this scene was going on at the City Hall, Chester lay dying upon the wharf.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Selected Tale.

THE BROKEN VOW.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

CHAPTER I.

Harry Dunstan was the younger son of a younger son; a colonel in the army, who thought a man provided handsomely for his offspring when he bought a commission in the Guards.

But Captain Dunstan was not of the same opinion; expensive in his habits, thoughtless and extravagant in his ideas, the gaming table, the turf, and the dice box supplied him with temporary resources. His father, after having paid his debts half a dozen times, refused to do anything more for him, and soon after died, leaving him, according to the technical expression, "without a farthing in the world," i. e. with about three hundred a year.

Dunstan was advised to marry an heiress, which he was perfectly willing to do. After one or two disappointments in England, he received an invitation from a General Campbell, who had been a

...

THIS STORY IS INSCRIBED TO THE MEMORY OF

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL,

...

THE LOSS OF THE FIRST-BORN.

...

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1865.

INFORMATION WANTED

Of the following persons who are entitled to claims for this paper:

Of E. Hinsen, late of Mount Holly, New Jersey.
Of Jos S Kenyon, late of Wilmington, Del.
Of Thos Jones, late of Tarentum, Ohio.
Of Order H S Ewing, late of West Point, N. York.
Of Capt. Jos. Dougherty, do. do.
Of Cadet Jos S Mason, do. do.
Of Cadet Jos G Foster do. do.
Of A. P. Hill, do. do.
Of D. R. Norris, do. do.
Of R. D. Forsyth, do. do.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will assist themselves and get up large clubs for the mammoth Post, or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and respectable person who will be willing to do so. We think these need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it outshines all competitors. Let it be remembered, also, that the postage is just the same on a paper of twenty columns, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed from, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as of the town in which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for a club, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently.

FRANCE.

After the fall occasioned which we give in another place of the late insurrection in Paris, we need say comparatively but little here. It is with mingled feelings of pity and indignation that we have perused the account of the mad and fruitless doings of a portion of the Parisian people. And while we are greatly sorrow that the friends of order have triumphed, we can but admit that the success only proves that at least a large majority of the people of Paris, are not yet sufficiently enlightened in Republican institutions. But still let us not be too despairing, nor take a darker view of things than the facts warrant. As we have said, a large minority of the people of Paris have proven their incapacity to maintain a Republic, on the other side, we have the majority of Paris, and apparently the front rank of the provinces of the provinces. The disturbance in the suspect heart of France, found no serious place in the great body of the nation. All the sympathy of the great throes seems to have been with the Government—to its aid the National Guards poured in, and every assurance of a certain triumph, sooner or later. There is good ground for hope and faith in this fact. Almost for the first time, it has been proved that France is by no means dead.

The immediate cause of the insurrection was the determination of the Government to throw off the burden of supporting the unemployed workmen. One hundred thousand men were thrown upon the banks of the Marne! we daresay, and in reality or except ad pay. Ten thousand were at work, receiving full pay, and the remaining ninety thousand were idle and receiving half pay. To remedy this state of things several decrees were passed. "It was proscribed that all workmen between seventeen and twenty five years of age, should enter the service of the army, or navy, or else be forbidden to the workshops; secondly, job work was to be substituted for day-work; and thirdly, no one whose who could not prove a residence of a certain number of months in the capital were to be sent back to their native departments; fourthly, it was resolved that large bodies of workmen should be sent from Paris into the departments for the purpose of executing works of acknowledged public utility. Five thousand were to be sent to Sologne to construct extensive groups of canalization to clear eighty thousand hectares of unimproved land. Twelve hundred were to be employed upon the pavement of the Route and Louis to labor on the railways. The improvement of the navigation of the river Marne was to occupy three thousand more; public works at Poitiers and Avignon, and of the provinces were spoken of as destined to employ other large bodies of the unemployed operatives. Upon one pretext or another the execution of all these plans was designed from time to time. In the first place the commencement of the work was to be the commencement of the work was proceeding apace—their dispersion was to follow. Thus they were to be got rid of, and that for the purpose of rest and refreshing. Having remark to do, and plenty of money to spend, they stipend, scattered for their support, they speedily themselves all over the city, burning with grudge for the encumbrance of politics. They then proceeded to the open air, in which were contained the National Assembly and Executive Government, and waiters were expressed for the establishment of what they called the "Republique Democratic and Sociale."

When the last three decrees were attempted to be carried into effect, they were resolutely resisted either by the refusal of the workmen to obey them, or, as it appears, by the management of the officers to whom their execution was entrusted. Finally the official paper of the Government announced that the Commission of the Executive had given orders that the enrolment of the young men should commence on the morrow, and those who did not choose to enlist were immediately to leave the workshops. The next morning found few enrolments. Bands of workmen paraded the streets, uttering menaces against the Executive Commission and the National Assembly. This was on the 22nd. That night the revolutionary chefs decided upon a resort to arms on the next morning, the 23rd, and so did with the insurrection.

Now it would be unjust to sympathize with these workmen of Paris, at the same time that we condemn their course. It is certain that the large majority thereof on half pay, sixty thousand others were out of regular employ, and living "from hand to mouth," were certainly suffering much. And how is it to be wondered at that in their ignorance they should ask, "If this is Republicanism, the reign of liberty, equality and fraternity" commenced, and we without work or bread? Truly they were said are to be pitied as much as censured.

But the working men, as we doubt not Cavaignac, Lamartine, and thousands of others felt, but one course remained for the friends of law, order and the Republic. That was to arm and put down the rebellion as speedily as possible, and at whatever cost of life. This was accordingly effectually carried out, and the insurrection, after the old reign of terror, had been fairly and well commenced, the end of which, after frightful massacres and tumults, went have been another imposition.

We think it probable, from what we read that the present government of France is destined to be a little "Reactionary." We think this accurately but the means by which the present Executive and organization of a new monarchy. The great mass of the people of France are popularly inclined, the Republic, and they sympathize more with the present Executive of Paris than with the Assembly they do with the working classes—and properly feels intensely dangerous to the interests of the Communists. But the look upon the reaction as merely momentary, if, peace and order can be preserved. Such seems to be the general opinion. Should the reactionary tendency of the French mind be left to its extreme, we have no doubt that it will be presented, France will soon become a fit theatre for a second reign of terror.

In relation to the troubles produced by the 23rd insurrection, we must be content to glance at a few facts. The number of killed and wounded is not yet the exact number known, but it is certain that a few are dedicated, a large number must be more than seventeen thousand. Many of the wounded must die, and more than one, must be kept in subjection at any rate. We may pity their degradation, and make full allowance for the associations by which they have been surrounded, but we cannot say that the men must be treat them to a degree, like wild beasts, which we possess from shooting, or at any rate, assassination of the innocent.

IMPORTANT DECISION.

A recent case decided in the matter of the last property, "would also include a wider meaning for life, but in case one should marry again, my will is at an end that case, see Art. 3d."

Now the widow, thinking probably that if "equal gift inheritance" in good, double inheritance must be better, united herself to a second husband. Whereupon the other heirs of the husband brought suit to set aside the will. The case was finally tried before Judge Lowrie, at the June term of the Court of Common Pleas of Lancaster, Judge Lowrie decided that if "no condition in restraint of marriage is read, and the widow's estate is a fee simple, and direct her estate"—that the proposition of marriage—the price of the union—the fortunes of the common law—and that the widow had lost a fund, made in contemplating to read the condition attempted to be imposed by the testator upon the widow." Thus, if we are not very much mistaken, is decidedly good law.

AGRICULTURAL

The Annual Agricultural Exhibition of the Philadelphia Society for Promoting Agriculture is to be held on the 3rd and 4th of October, at the Rising Sun Village, near Germantown. It is announced that the Society has offered liberal premiums for this occasion, in order to allow those who cannot be contributors, to make the necessary arrangements.

HAROLD.

When Mr. Bulwer published his "Lucretia, or the Children of the Night," we took occasion to express our opinion of that morbidity, which possesses to render mankind good and pure hearted by bringing them into intimate contact with evil and impurity. In common with many others of the intellectual of the press of England and America, and among the very first, we condemned in the most unqualified terms that production. Mr. Bulwer to introduce his "Children of the Night" into the literature of the nineteenth century, clothed in the language which Shakespeare and Milton spoke, is to do worse than wrong. In so doing it was impossible to avoid contact of the realm of "Lucretia," and to lend the voice of popular reprobation swell, that Mr. Bulwer felt it necessary to defend his "child" and his book in one of the English Reviews—an attempt which must be a failure, and a book which does not justify itself, cannot be justified.

But we refer to this matter only to express our belief that to the public censure with which "Lucretia" was received, is in a great degree owing the healthy, noble spirit that heretofore in every chapter of Mr. Bulwer's new novel, "Harold, the Last of the Saxon Kings." "Harold" will undoubtedly take its place among the best novels of the age, and of course among the best that have been written by its author. It differs from many others of Mr. Bulwer's works, as the production of a matured mind may be expected to differ from that of a youthful genius—as the calm, full day, and fire than Rossi—that love of our boyhood—but manifests a more profound insight into the human heart, especially into that of the sex, beyond man, the hero, the statesman, and the sage. It is in the work, more a book for men. The language story Mr. Bulwer has written.

For the characters of everything more than a mere novel; or, rather, it is more what a novel should be. They represent one of those captivating works. It is a history, true in all important particulars.

The great open which the interest of the work is a novel chiefly rests is the character of Edith—with "Edith the fair," but Edith is related to him by blood—and though the relationship is distant, it is within the limit of consanguinity which rendered parties unmarriageable by the stern laws of the Romish Church. Harold, when fair, falls in love himself to her, with the determination to win her—and then continues to love her with the full sufficient to procure an indulgence from the Pope.

But with this love to Edith becomes finally connected the most romantic incidents. Harold, at his mother's solicitation, goes to the Court of William of Normandy, to plead upon his behalf the claims of his brother and nephew who are held as hostages by the Norman. Meeting, however, takes place the sage of Harold's noble reliance upon his good faith, and finally, after a long struggle, under darkly lost the measure of perpetual imprisonment, or the cause. He sees, Harold is prevailed upon to take an oath to assist William's claim to the crown of England—an oath he never intends to keep—and then goes back to his brother's liberty; for a really Norman breaking his promise so far as Harold's brother is concerned, on the plea that he was forced to consent to so heavy an injustice as the imprisonment of his son.

Harold returns to England, and upon the death of King Edward, is unanimously chosen king by the Witan—the National Assembly of the realm. He takes such oath—although an oath wrung from him by force, and broken by the after fraud of William—and he is not free from the charge of having a dispensation from the Pope to remove the oath. At this time he becomes a prey upon the the necessity of cementing his power, by a marriage with Edith," the daughter of a great house. Thus is the spiritual tragedy of the work finally and the Normans, and Edith, the Saxon, are united in the bonds of love and interest consolidates and most devoted adherents, and the Saxon nobility, and the Saxon people, are united in the bonds of feelings. It is also represented to him that it is the Pope in whose hands are the destinies of England, and that as long as he remains in the Pope's favor—that it he obtains one uniting once his oath, it would be in vain to apply for to the Pope to allow his marriage with Edith. He acts out of the mortal conflict is doubtful, until Edith is one of the high Saxon nobility of the land, and the nobleness and purity of a true woman's heart—the sufferings of a true woman's heart—and, finally, her solicitations to those of his friends:

"Oh, Harold!" she exclaimed, "dost thou remember when the last time I was here? Thou didst not kneel England! and now I am a queen! Oh, Harold, that I am a queen! Oh, Harold, that I am a queen! Oh, Harold, that

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1858.

THE POTATO ROT.

The potato rot has made its appearance with much virulence in various quarters of the country this season. It is reported to have commenced in Newburyport Herald as being in that vicinity, also as Long Island, in Monmouth county, and Rockaway, in this State.

The following remedy for the rot we find among our exchanges:

"A perfect cure for the potato disease has at last been discovered, and applied to the crop in Germany. Dr. Kotsch, of Berlin, has received a reward of $1,000 from the Prussian Government, for the discovery. The same member of government, during the current year, has ordered, at the same time, by the celebrated Professor Leibig, for 1,000 florins, and has had it tried in every part of the kingdom successfully, and on a large scale. The plan is to inject all diseased bulbs on earth from the top of the plant, which it has reached a height of six to nine inches, and to repeat the same injection ten or eleven weeks after the time of planting, on all the stems of the plant."

POLITICAL ITEMS.

Henry A. Wise addressed a Case speech on the 6th at Yorktown. He accepts the nomination of Presidential Elector.

Including Delaware, the South has a political preponderance of two votes in the Senate, or at double Senate, having a majority of one in the House holding States, and 18 Senators from the free States.

In New Hampshire the people voted, 17,301 to 12,115, in favor of a law to prohibit the sale of liquor except for medicinal purposes. The Governor and but the Legislature did not pass such a law.

Hon. Chas. J. Ingersoll, of Penn., has a letter published in the Kinzua Gazette, says that he intends to support Gen. Buchanan. He has severe opposition to any "Compromise," in the matter of territory.

CAVAIGNAC.

We derive the following passage from the correspondence of the New York Courier:

Cavaignac is a small man. His figure, Napoleon is subsequent. Many journals are calling for a upon, Prussian subject of the Republic. There is a general want of something full personality, and under the present Republican of affairs, France is as far from it now as two months ago.

Henceforth on Louis Bonaparte, to Thiers, not even a Lamartine for the head of the French Republic. The Cavaignac is destined to be what the Napoleon as its Washington. His conduct indicates, and his whole career, his habits, his character, that he will resemble the latter rather than the former.

ASIATIC CHOLERA.

The London Globe states that letters have been received from the Admiralty announcing that the commander-in-chief of the Russian forces in Circassia, stating that the mortal sagitte obtained from the Turks, on the march to Kars, had proved fatal in three days during which the army was laid low in numbers. He was succeeded by Gen. Anrep, who died in four days. Cholera, the most virulent collapse. This sagitte is said to be a native root, and is used in the form of powder, and is a specific for poisoning, and the dose is so small that the bearer of the intelligence to church funeral services morning 110 night, and the effects of the sickness and confusion unabated for seven days. The disease has since spread along the different streets, and the mortality is still very great. All the troops have been preparing fast for

ATLANTIC OCEAN.

The Lord is a majority of fifteen

Lord of England is pacific. All

of Constantinople strengthened

Russia and Austria.

ters that Vienna has been

that Trieste has been placed

Austrian army has been

ed to an engagement near

ent movement has been com-

Austrian army has been

that an immense force can

of the speedy termination

, and the establishment of

a new Constitution has been

ed to be ratified by the

hereby Lord or Marmion.

France generally are tran-

portion of a great portion

ce has been completely ha-

ations to make reprisals a

authority to that effect.

which, the bill was read a third time and passed.

A message from the House announced the death of Mr. Kennedy, accompanying the proceedings of the Court of Inquiry held at Sea Fencible. Ordered to be printed.

The special order of the day, the Oregon Bill, was then taken up, and Mr. Mc. Mason of Virginia addressed the Senate in support of the extreme Southern position in regard to the slavery question, in relation to the proposed compromise.

Mr. Davis said in conclusion, that he would be satisfied with the Missouri Compromise, if it were accompanied with a guarantee that the country should have the Territory south of 36 deg. 30 min.

Mr. Clayton moved that the bill and amendment be referred to a select committee of seven, to be taken from the South and four from the North, equally divided also as to their political opinions. He selected the Senators, who shall report what proposition if any, can be accomplished.

Mr. Pearce opposed the reference of the proposition. A debate ensued, in which Messrs. Fitzgerald, Crittenden, Cameron and Bell took part. The discussion grew quite excitement, and the Senate entirely disagreeable daily taking place. Fifteen members were present.

Mr. Mc. Lane moved to suspend the rules, in order to introduce a resolution to the effect that the Senate has confidence in the integrity, honor and patriotism of the President, and sympathizing the people of the country in the loss of Kennedy.

The Senate refused to suspend the rules, by a vote of 21 yeas to 24 nays.

On the 19th, Mr. Lowe presented the credentials of Mr. Krog, the successor of Mr. Bagby, of Alabama, which were read.

Mr. Kennedy Johnson presented the credentials of Mr. Pearce, re-elected Senator from the State of Maryland for six years from the 4th of March next.

On motion of Mr. Davis, of Massachusetts, the bill making appropriations for erecting light-houses, &c., was taken up, read a third time, and passed without amendment.

Agreeably to order, Mr. Bayard called and obtained leave to bring on a bill facilitating the entry of promiscuous claims, which was read a first and second time by unanimous consent, and referred to the Committee on Private Land Claims.

Mr. Hunter, this evening, called up the bill proposed to a ballot for Chaplains of the Select Committee upon the Oregon Bill, and the amendment which motion prevailed. Mr. Clayton was elected, having received 31 out of the 38 votes cast. Mr. Bayard received 7, and the other votes were scattering. Senator then proceeded to ballot for the other seven members of the committee, when Messrs. Bright, Dickinson, Fitzpatrick, Douglas, Pearce, Underwood and Clarke, were elected.

Messrs. Douglas, Dickinson, Bright and Clark, are from the Free States; Messrs. Clayton, Calhoun, Atchison and Underwood from the South. Messrs. Pierce and Cass from the Northwest.

On motion of Mr. Bell, the bill authorizing the accounting officers of the Treasury to make a just settlement of the claims of the State of Tennessee against the Government, according to the principles established by the treaty of August, 1806, was taken up, read a third time, and passed. The yeas were Messrs. Atherton, Bell, Toomey, Sebastian and Calhoun. The nays were Messrs. Cass, Dickinson, Atchison and Underwood from the South. Messrs. Pierce and Clark from the Northwestern

Selected Poetry.

A BALLAD.

MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER TO BROTHER JONATHAN.

A LOVING BALLAD.

ALBANY, (England,) June 8, 1846.

Ho! brother, I'm a Britisher,
A ship of war I sail in,
That wouldn't touch or steer'n or stir
From want o' thought or power;
And yet you blow hard and boast more,
Brag louder, rage and roar,
I tell you, brother Jonathan,
That you're a fibber.

I know your heart, at open heart,
I send your mail to and fro',
A gray-haired one on the seat
To me for home still,
And shewed to scheme a likely plan,
And sent to see it done,
I tell you, Brother Jonathan,
That you and I are one.

There may be jealousies and strife,
For men have selfish souls,
But party quarrels go by life,
And help to support friends,
And ponder who will's nearest sons
Jaw Indians most aright,
Decide it, way I decide it,
That brothers always fight.

Two fledgy eyasses in one nest,
Will chirp about a worm;
Then how should empires meekly rest,
The children of a storm?
Ho! white faint cretins gin-sun tin
The spirit's dizzy rule.
Like you and me, my Jonathan,
It's all for love and pride.

"God save the Queen" Britains yes still,
And "Britain Jonathan,"
The good old notion your heart-strings fill,
And ponder who will's nearest sons
And we—oh sire or if you can,
For we are proud of you—
We like you, Brother Jonathan,
And "Yankee Doodle," too!

There's nothing foreign on your face,
Nor strange upon your tongue;
You came out of another race
Than foreign tongue-sprung;
No, brother, from away you ran,
As tower nerv will do,
And so I'm proud to know
My fathers indeed you.

There was—it was your long ago,
Your grandsires were with mine,
To have crossed, for it, the sea,
For England's royal line;
Or stopped to come to time from home
Or worship mighty Rome;
And so I, good cousin,
What with them, I own.

Together both, brave long ago,
Among the cane fought,
Or charging drove the Persian foe,
Did at Runnymede;
As Caxton or Corvino
Together they'd serve or serve,
For John's own Brother Jonathan
We only John a-Nokes.

There lived a man, a man of men,
A king on Scott's throne,
We're or we were his sons, my son,
The guide is all his own;
And I've a name from out of one,
The last belongs to you,
For Buckingham, happy Jonathan,
Is eaten, and ours, too!

There was another glorious name
A love for all time,
Who gained our confidence of fame,
The immortal—the sublime:
And we or both him as we can,
Have mystery thus paid,
The Tuscan, Brother Jonathan,
Clime leaves us Milton's self!

Well, well! and every piece of old
That makes us common cause
You would be just and may be bold
To share it in your will.
Your England's glory first begun,
To—just the other day,
The lad's a youth! but Jonathan,
Why act you run away?

Oh, brother, could we both be one,
In labour and in stone,
How glad, how glad we two are,
Her backing to our tone!
In other world vocations, too
And go abroad in good,
Where'er we be, John and Jonathan,
Twain o-fame grenadier!

Add but your arm and guidon stars
To borne St. George's cross,
And never dream of storms, then wars,
Two chances' second one.
Let us be—how often come but—
And love when sisters have
And so, my cousin Jonathan,
We're B. I. sciences.

What more? I hated not before strange,
A fellow cousin to work,
Nor glance a prejudice, power, and hinge,
Or harvest's fruit and joy;
As friend with friend, and man with man,
Oh let us come to be
As David's love to Jonathan
So Jonathan's to us!

Humorous Sketches.

THE GEORGIAN IN NEW YORK

BY ROBERT M. CHARLTON

[The following is rather serious, in parts, upon our Georgia friend, but as the writer appears to be a Georgian, and on the fun in capital, we do not think the most sensitive of his fellow citizens can take offence at it.]

Reader, if you live any where south of latitude 36, and if you want to promote a high estimate of your native land, and will, take my advice, and stay at home. You will find, before you are a thousand miles off, your self-estimation commences to lay moisture, and you will scrutinize in your traduces, that you think more of your self than you do those North of you are. At least, that is my experience: and if you have a few sentence to spare, read my "simple tale," and sympathize with my misfortunes.

When I was a very young man, (it would be exceedingly impertinent for you to ask how long ago,) I left Savannah on a vessel bound for New York. We were all well when we started, but after we had been a few days at sea, August one began to do duty with our crew. One man died, and another broke out with boils. On the morning of the ninth day, we reached the "Highlands," and our captain ordered a council of war, among the passengers, to consult as to the course we ought to adopt, to manoeuvre to our safe moorage. "Sir," said he, "the health officer of the Quarantine ground lacks foreigns, for the trouble it gives him, and if he finds any body looking the least pale, he will put us under the yellow flag for a week." We entertained no fear, and put clean garments upon him, shaved him, and tolled him upon deck to "stiff upper lip," and not to let the darkies see him complaining, we constituted him ready for our fear, and prepping him up in the "sea house," awaited the visit of the health officer (Quarantine.) We anchored at Staten Island, and in a few minutes a boat, with a yellow flag flying at the stern, came up.

"Where are you from?" said a lank-loose looking young man in glasses.

"Georgia, sir," answered the captain. "Ah, there's trouble in the land, we have heard from the Executive, as he came on board; "Master your passengers, sir," added he. We all paused to intervene. "Call the crew forward to be mustered, doctor."

"Where is John Matthews?" asked Medicus, calling the roll. (That question was easier asked than answered, however, as we had no John Matthews and we had thrown him into the sea.)

"We have lost no one, sir," responded the captain: "we have had some severe weather."

"John Jones." That was our cook pro tempore.

"Bullen, cook," came out "Mr. Bullen, sir," not very well knew the character, at present, darker, not "stripped for the fight" as he was when we began you would see the fun lower to my favor."

"Here he was," and we pointed to the cook, who was standing and prepping, more the indescribable mass of sun character. We were at once the sun either to be quarantined, for the health officer feels Jones's pulse, and then said quietly to his assistant: "Take the cook to the hospital, he has got that unfortunate Georgia fever." "What do you mean, sir," said I, "our cook is as healthy as such an adjective?" He insisted on his rule perfect manoeuvre. At last we decided the last to me, and replied, "I beg your pardon, sir, we object to have complied Georgia fever with no consequences or importance, and I must insist that it has one consumer gone in its time—I was a relative related constituent to the health of your hand. If you will allow me, I will restrict my hasty words, as I am sorry to say we have got the biggest Georgia fever. Will that suit you?

No, it did not—but what could I say? I had just caused the insertion of the Georgia fever, and I could not, therefore, object to his blessing. My although I could not but wrong that the cook was worse than the first, and that his mourning was, that if I killed a fat chicken, it would be a tenderloin to mankind. My friend was the last one to acknowledge, not letting at me through his glasses. I have since come to the speculation—I have known some honest men who need them, and I never met a consumptive man who did not; considered his constitutes to his constitutent. "Take the man to the hospital, Mr. Smith, and tell the carpenter to have the cabin ready by the time we muster." And off he took him to get another, of about the last the latter coming at my height; ready for the day after, as there are some preeminent symptoms in one of the passengers."

"I say you got a proper reliance on your self, doctor," said I to him, "but you need not trouble yourself about that last cabin. I have will be no use for it. *I shall not take your physic.*" He laughed heartily, and stuck me by the hand.

"You may go in more, captain," were his farewell words as he left the vessel. We subsequently learned that the small died about the time the steamer reached the wharf.

After reaching the city, I strolled in one of the books, upon which I had a draft, presented it, and received my money. The date, 5th, of October, I said, of course, where I was from, and I saw that the teller scanned as he read it.

"Can I leave the on deposit, sir?" asked I of him.

"No," answered the little Yankee, talking through his nose, "not unless you are introduced by our cashier by a gentleman. We don't care about receiving Georgia deposits."

"Look here, stranger," said I, (putting my hat on one side and my hands in my pockets, and talking through my nose,) "if your cashier wants to be introduced, to my opinion, I have no objection to making his acquaintance. Call him, and I will give him a chance to relieve you from it. If you mean that I am to find another gentleman in New York, all I have to say is, I don't work miracles."

"I see," answered he, "that your qualifications for the deposit are not proper, and we decline the deposit without a compliance with the rule."

By this time I began to ascertain that Georgia was not held in the highest repute in that region, and I became a little more humble and subdued in my future negotiations. One of my objects in visiting New York was to see a friend, and to this purpose I now diverted my attention, taking the precaution, however, of "working the mesmeric of" finding a gentleman" to introduce me—one of my former Georgia friends. We went together to the Insolvent Debtors, where he introduced me to the President, and I stated my object.

"Ah!" said he, with a look of surprise, "I am sir. To see a man or poor years, at such deep reflection, at such profound thought, is delightful, in gratifying—it denotes a high state of civilization, sir, a very high station—it is an excellent commentary upon the condition of the country where you live." (Hoots for Georgia, thought I, here is a man at last who can appreciate her.) "Yes, sir, we will insure you with pleasure; I like your looks, sir, much, very much. (What a sensible man, thought I.) "you are a little pale, but so much the better, it denotes temperance. You, sir, he will succeed, sir, he will succeed, sir, he will," (addressing the secretary,) "get a black in overseas form, and we will insure you for a policy on the life of Judge ——. I think Mr. B—— called you so, sir?"

"Yes, sir," answered I, with a great deal of satisfaction, "I called him so, sir, for he was the man in Georgia, who is not, or does not been a judge."

"Ah," resumed he, "your community are indeed civilized. I see they rest superior to vulgar prejudices: they do not entertain a man's worth by his years. Youth, sir, youth is the very age of wisdom—possess a little excitable, it is true, but there are exhibiting, rosebud, projective qualities. Solomon, Solomon, was quite young when he commenced his writings—we shall hear of you hereafter, sir, no doubt. Mr. Newell, you need not ask the usual questions. The books of the gentleman are enough. Fill out the policy for life at one per cent, for Judge ——, of Vermont—I think you said Vermont, sir?"

"No, sir," answered I, considerably abashed, "I said Georgia, sir."

My dear reader, I have no doubt you have seen instances of sudden surprise in your time; a case for instance, in the midst of a waltz, with a fair enchiling sweet on his arm, he is suddenly brought all the means, and just at the instant that he was executing his most graceful whirl, having it whispered to him, by some good natured friend that his confidential clerk had absconded with all the money, and ruined his house: or a thirsty sot who had been kept from his usual stimulants for a week, becomes suddenly aware that he is in a house and scenery, mistaking a gill of *aqua-fortis* for his loved liquor, and swallowing it; perhaps you have seen some slight astonishment of the kind, but rather would give you but a faint idea to the petrified look that the words Pronounced into me when he heard that terrible word Georgia. It could not utter a syllable for some time. At last he said in a subdued tone:

"This is a bad business"—and then added, "another terrible case for effecting this policy, sir! Have you considered the expense?"

"Certainly, I have; I understood you to say that you would insure my account, at one per cent."

"Ah," it seems, meaning, I misunderstood you, sir," from whence you came. We took Georgia a extra hazardous. We charge two per cent, no resort rather not take the risk at any rate. But you think you are rather young, sir, to contemplate this precaution?"

"No, sir," answered I, "I have thought well on the subject. I am a school master, by profession, as you may see by my complexion, although I am generally absented just now, my duties demand temperance, and see how healthy we are here."

"I perfect healthy, sir," said he, "patients become always in that intimate tender temperance Hereabouts, and I should not come you, sir, if you are not well. As a personal favor I would be glad to insure you, and make a note of it."

"I name $20,000, then," said I. He regarded me in more astonishment.

"Twenty thousand, sir! Are thousand in one hundred Georgia fever."

"I was my turn to show astonishment.

"Why, sir," exclaimed I, "they told me that you were glad to get Wall street to insure it, and do you value two cents of Georgia with a seal upon? tucked to them, at less than one foot of Wall street?"

"We value things as we please, sir, and if you are not satisfied with the rate, you can leave it, sir."

"I must submit," said I. "I make it for them to."

Take your pen, Mr. Newell, and add a clause to our policy, that if the gentleman dies within a year he shall be void."

I have no objection," said I, smiling; "I am a reasonable, quiet man, and apart from that, my situation would keep me from fighting."

"And, Mr. Newell," resumed he, "add also, that if the gentleman falls by *duress* hands, the policy shall be void."

I smiled again. "You are taking unnecessary precautions, sir; I shall make myself sure for my life."

"And Mr. Newell," continued he, "just add, that if the insured fails by the hand of Justice, (i. e., by the hangman,) the risk shall terminate." It was done, and I left the office in the city of Insolvent Debtors, and as I left him, I gave him a parting bow.

That last clause about the hands of Justice, affected me strangely. I have lived in Georgia now and boy, my whole life, and I never heard so much a thing as Justice there. Too forget, sir, we have a little of civilization there, and Justice never set sweet in youth, and above the projections of age and reasoning, sir."

He sighed and leaned, and I left him, determined to call on Dr. Tennent and Judge Lynch, and ascertain how to take care not to be hanged with his assistance, and I should not "by the hands of Justice," and vacate the policy.

I, in returned in Jan Mulder, page 56, that a Hibernian, and had a wager with him that I was a countryman, that the latter could not put me in a cab and carry him up a ladder, for the sum of one only house. A driving was the summit of the "Jehu," and the last was successfully accomplished ("I'm won, yer" and the contrary. "Give me the driving." "Faith and so you have," answered Mulder. "I'll be bound you have won the bet, for they your last stopped, and then I had great hopes of your safety."

The time has nearly arrived for the expiration of my visit to the city of Insolvent Debtors, and the Tax Company will perfect all the premium accounts on town—but lest, in passing through the country, or in Georgia, I get a fever, and, as Mr. Hibernian friend said, *I had great hopes by duress hands*, I will not go.

"DUFONT'S BEST."

One cold morning in last February, the snow was falling in large flakes, and the ground was covered to the depth of a foot or more, when a gentleman in company in the room, and he was in a hurry to get an omnibus to carry him to the steamboat, and was anxious to get as near the gangway as he could. The gangway was filled with crowds of those hackmen termed—not exactly gentlemen—but who, nevertheless, stand ready to suggest to the few who can call, or though not to be called, to ride. Each one was anxious to get the fare, and the burning remarks between the hackmen, looked like the spoken of an enormous fire-cracker, and the fellow who could make the most with his hands in his pockets, Mr. M., was in great demand. Our friend was in a hurry, and was anxious to get as near the gangway as he could, and so comfortable as to be out of the cold.

In that state of things, Dr. J. of our town, entered, nothing his route and pronounced congratulations to the crowd, generally, in connection with some quite original observations on the state of the weather, and the fact that it was a cold and lowering look, well round the countenance to the gangway, and pushed on to get access to the forward and next steward.

"By the lawn it's cold!" at length exclaimed the Doctor, as he stood on the gangway, and he was in a hurry to get on board.

"Dufont's best, sir, Dufont's best," said the hackmen, looked like the spokes of an enormous wheel, with his hands in his pockets, Mr. M., was in great demand. Our friend was in a hurry, and was anxious to get as near the gangway as he could, and so comfortable as to be out of the cold